

SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

SACRAMENTO, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1883.

DAILY UNION SERIES—VOL. L—NO. 10,269
DAILY RECORD SERIES—VOL. XXVII.—NO. 5213.

(DAILY RECORD UNION SERIES.
VOLUME XVII.—NUMBER 107.)

WANTED, LOST AND FOUND.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents; or 75 cents per week.

SAN FRANCISCO CARDS, SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

HAIR TONIC.

M. A. REAVES' Great Electric Hair Tonic has taken first premium at the State Fair of 1883-84. It exceeds all others. Ask your druggist for it. Address: 130 Gold Gate Avenue, San Francisco.

SELL FOR SALE.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents; or 75 cents per week.

TO LET OR FOR SALE.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents; or 75 cents per week.

FOR SALE—FINE FARM, 280 ACRES, vineyard and orchard, good bearing fruit; grain; living water; plenty wood; plastered house; good fence; live stock and equipment. \$2,000. Address C. H. STROHL & CO., Emporium Office, corner Fourth and K streets, Sacramento. d21-1ptf

FOR SALE—HOLDING AND BUILDING. A good investment for any one wanting a property of their own. Address C. H. STROHL (the Broker), 331 J street, Sacramento, Cal. d19-14t

FOR SALE—THE ROCKLIN LIVERY, and Feed Store, containing Stock, Horses, and Buggies; everything you want. Barn; a good paving business; will give possession the day of purchase. For further information, contact J. M. SEHEIM, Proprietor, Rocklin, Placer County, Cal.

FOR SALE—A HOME AND LOT, MOST DESIRABLE LOCATION IN SACRAMENTO; house, furniture, fixtures, and household goods; bathroom; lot, 45x100; fine shrubbery. Inquire of HENRY ORTH, No. 325 K street, Sacramento, Cal.

PARLOR SET FOR SALE—NEARLY NEW in a bargain. Also, Four Walnut Wharrows and One Large Heating Stove, Cheap, etc. CHAS. M. CAMPBELL, 1012 K street, Sacramento, Cal. Selling and Repairing—Second-hand Furniture Bought, Sold or Exchanged.

FOR SALE. HEAD OF HIGH-DAIRED. 2,000 Ewes and Lambs. Wethers. Ewes and Lambs flock will average three pounds of lamb meat; all fat and in fine condition. Will sell at a very reasonable price. A second-hand Furniture Set for a bargain. Address a call. n16-4t

CHANCE FOR A Good Investment

ON ACCOUNT OF INTENDED REMOVAL OF THE Brewery Business of the Sutterville Brewery, the buildings and improvements, together with the fixtures, are to be sold for sale at a bargain. Apply to N. THIELIN, proprietor, or GAD WALDNER & PARTNERS, n18-4t

MONEY TO LOAN

ON REAL ESTATE, AT A LOW RATE OF INTEREST, by PETER BOHL, 325 J street, John C. Bohl.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS, ETC.

MARTIN KESTLER, Manufacturer of All Kind of Wagons, Buggies, Farm Express, Freight, Horse Drawn, etc. Quartz Wagons made constantly at short rates. All work warranted. Repairs, etc., done at short rates. Nos. 1010, 1012 and 1014 Ninth street, between I and K, Sacramento.

N. W. ROBBINS, 809 K street, Southeast corner Eighth, SACRAMENTO.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING, EXPRESS WAGON

Tops a specialty. Cushions always on hand and made at short notice. d23-1ptf

MILLINERY.

WINTER MILLINERY!

WE ARE NOW PREPARED to show some Rich Novelties in Millinery. We have just received a large quantity of new styles from New York. Special care has been taken in selecting the latest shapes and colors. Bayadere Ribbon Velvets, a new style; and many others. Quilted, plush, and Ushant Velvets; plush mohair; Ottoman and Velvet Ribbons. Orders promptly attended to at address. Address, J. H. ALFRED & PEALER, a20-1ptf

MILLINERY!

W. F. COOPER, 401 K street, Sacramento, Cal.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Wells, Fargo & Co. Express. For the convenience of patrons our office will remain open for the Forwarding and Delivery of packages on SATURDAY AND SUNDAY evenings until 11 o'clock. (421-30t)

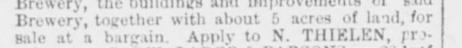
YELIN TRAVY, Agent.

Members of the Caledonian Club will please call at SCOTT & MUIRNS, and get their invitations. d24-31t

Redding's Russia Salve is as good for the stable as for the house. Keep a box handy. e2-1ptf

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should be used when children are ill. It promotes natural quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little chores of care attend to itself. It is a great convenience to taste. It soothes the child, softens the rum, relieves colic, relieves bowels, known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from tooth or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. d12-1ptf

CHRISTMAS GIFTS SHOULD BE SUCH AS will be useful, and give the joy of giving. Following is a list for the Lovers of Nature:



Stoll's Ladies' Saddles. Stoll's Phelon Harness. Stoll's Gent's Saddles. Stoll's Carriage Harness. Stoll's Mexican Saddle. Stoll's Buggy Harness. Stoll's Horse Saddles. Stoll's Coach Harness. Stoll's Saddle. Stoll's Harness. In ROSES, a large stock. Of which we have fine foreign stock, and promise to suit. John T. STOLL, 612 J street. Send for Price List. If you wish to buy by mail, Premiums received at State Fair, 1883, gives guarantee for my work. d3-1ptf

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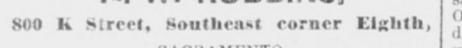
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THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

TUESDAY.....DECEMBER 25, 1883

SIX-PAGE EDITION

THIS MORNING'S NEWS.

In New York Government bonds are quoted at 124 for 4s of 1907, 114 for 4s, 101 for 3s; sterlings, \$4 33¢ 85; 101 for 3s, 100 for 2s; silver bars, 110¢. In London, 508d.; consols, 101 11 16d.; 5 per cent. United States bonds, extended, 105; 4s, 127; 4s, 117.

In San Francisco Mexican dollars are quoted at \$51@ 90 cents.

The San Francisco Stock Board was not in session yesterday.

In a railroad accident near Salem, Ind., yesterday, several persons were lost.

The Ohio river is rising rapidly, and a dangerous flood is inevitable.

A snowslide in Colorado last Friday caused the death of six men and the mortal wounding of five others.

A collision of trains at Summit Station, Mo., Saturday night, injured a baggage-master, engineer and fireman, and caused a loss of \$38,000.

President Arthur returned to Washington last night, having been away for a journeyman's tour, and a journeyman's return at New Haven, Conn., has fallen back to \$87,000.

Another sea vessel has been launched at Kiel, Russia.

Red Bluff is excited over a startling sensation.

John Leahy, a prominent citizen of Ophir, Placer county, died suddenly Sunday.

Speaker Carlisle announced his committee yesterday, and a house of Congress adjourned until Jan. 7th.

William Middleton was badly hurt at Vacaville yesterday in a railway accident.

Colonel J. R. Wyatt, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent, was found dead in his bed at Quincy, Plumas county, yesterday.

General Hancock was enthusiastically received by the citizens of San Jose yesterday.

Jerne B. Cox, who killed McLaughlin, was arrested in San Francisco yesterday on a charge of murder.

By the shooting of a stage near Nettown, Nev., yesterday, several persons were injured.

J. S. Robinson, a conductor, was killed at Magdalena, Mex., by being crushed between two cars.

James E. Stiff, a rich mining man, is missing from Chihuahua, Mexico.

A Chinaman was refused naturalization papers in New York.

Lorillard & Co., of Jersey City, yesterday distributed \$16,000 among their 5,000 factory hands.

Governor Murray, of Utah, returned to Salt Lake yesterday from Washington.

An aged lady, her daughter and granddaughter, have been found murdered at Monroe, N. C.

Mrs. Donnell, widow of Corp's slayer, arrived in New York yesterday.

E. Barrett fell from a bridge near Michigan Bluff, Iowa, and was killed.

Charles Hough, a murderer, has been lynched at Petersburg, Ind.

By the fall of a cage down a mining shaft near Birmingham, Ala., one negro was killed and two whites and eleven negroes injured.

The suit between the State of Pennsylvania and the Western Union Telegraph Company for taxes has been compromised.

In a shooting affray at Richmond, Ind., last evening, three men were wounded.

D. C. Gibson shot and wounded Arthur Mullard, and John Buffington, last night, in St. Louis, and then killed himself.

THE SEASON OF GOOD WILL.

With this day the holiday season, that closes the old and marks the advent of the new year, begins. So far as the people of this State are concerned, they have every reason to be thankful. The merry days find them well to do and without reasonable cause for regret. There is no reason why the pure strings should not relax and affection be made manifest by the presentation of those outward symbols of sincerity that a cheerful and tender custom has dictated shall be exchanged at this time.

Christmas has grown beyond and out of a religious meaning. It has become one of the festivals of a common humanity, a touchstone that softens the heart of Christian, and Jew, and disbeliever alike. It has put off for one class its doctrinal robes, and for another has enriched a religion. For mankind at large it has become a force and helps to move civilization along the paths of advancing ideas. Viewed simply as a holiday, when there shall be a breaking away from work, a relaxation of hard lines, and a nearer approach of men to each other in sympathy, and it is a blessed period, of which we might have more with still greater benefit. Never before have the duties and relations of men to each other been so sharply questioned as the Journal makes should be passed unnoticed by reply—they are discourteous, unjust, and violent in tone. California can afford to dismiss the masterfully and true to the merit of her cause and its inherent justice.

PACIFIC SLOPE.
perplexity, not to say absolute worry and fatigue. There are not a few who have given up the task utterly, and passed to their children the money they intended to invest for them. This resort, however, is not justified in the face of the fact that never before was there such a wealth of books to be had. For when all other things fail a man, he can fall back upon a good book as an appropriate present. There are very few indeed to whom a handsome and valuable volume will not give pleasure, and such are sure to remain constant reminders of the esteem that prompted the selection—a book can come amiss to no person. The perplexity that involves the present-maker at holiday time is increased also by the fact that there is such a great variety of articles in the market from which to choose. In large part these are things of beauty, but of small utility and great cost—fancy goods for the toilet, rich and delicate ornaments, and the like, and the temptation is very strong to choose from this class, for they address the eye and appeal to the art sense and the love for the beautiful, while the appearance of elegance seems to carry with it some compliment to the appreciative sense of the recipient, and to testify to the fine taste of the giver. But the thoughtful and practical turn from these, and seek substantial gifts that give pleasure to the recipient, and, at the same time, serve him or her a useful purpose. That would be the present-making season, too, of running to extremes—of offering the idea that one is under some sort of obligation to make his infinite present, and that a failure to do so will be a reproach. This feeling often drives men to sacrifice what they ill afford, and which they repeat for months afterward. Sincerity alone should be the motive of the giver. While the holiday season is properly enough a stimulus to the generous sentiments, the custom of the hour should not supplant sincerity of purpose. That gift is blessed only as much as which delights the giver as the recipient.

THE RESTRICTION ACT INVOLVEMENT.

It is singular with what persistency the Democrat press insist upon the iteration that California has nothing to hope for from Republicans in the matter of a new or amended Chinese Restriction Act. Do not Democratic editors know that the average reader can "see through" such transparent efforts to manufacture capital?

The Republicans gave the country the measure it has, and a Republican President approved it. A Republican Senate will pass, and a Republican President sign the new bill, unless a Democratic House fails to pass it, in the effort of demagogic Democrats to manufacture campaign capital out of the delays the bill meets with. It is no evidence of hostility by a party that members insist upon things being done in order and decently.

Certainly sensible people have not expected that the demand for an amended bill would meet with no opposition at the East. A great change has been effected there in the last three years relative to the desirability of Chinese laborers as residents in the United States, but all will be converted to our way of thinking no one should expect. The Journal of Commerce, of New York, assails the new bill and its supporters bitterly and intemperately. We should not be surprised at this. There are interests in trade that are not to be convinced. Civilization, to some is secondary to gain; the building of a State to the mercenary has nothing more involved than money, gain and commercial advantage. On all such it is idle to waste reason. But there is one chief reason why such assaults as the Journal makes should be passed unnoticed by reply—they are discourteous, unjust, and violent in tone. California can afford to dismiss the masterfully and true to the merit of her cause and its inherent justice.

AN OLD TRICK.

The San Francisco Examiner of yesterday charges that more money was appropriated for the various departments of government by the last Congress than the demands required. The Examiner should justify this statement. The official reports give it the lie. Such campaign generalization will not do. It is an old trick of the "outs" to charge extravagance upon the "ins." The same journal raises the worn-old cry against expenditure for strengthening the navy, yet none have been more bitter in ridicule of our "naval tubs" and the inadequacy of our fleets and coast defenses than this same Democracy, which now objects by the mouth of an organ to the necessary outlay to put our navy and harbor defenses on a fair footing. This same partisan critic also protests because the Secretary of the Interior says to Congress to use sufficient of the surplus to be actively at work to soften the characters of men and lessen the friction in living and in getting a living. The season of good will and peace contributes to this need, and therefore becomes a humanizing factor to be fully embraced and wholly utilized. It contributes to the more charitable estimate of men; we cannot fix social values quite as high in these, as in other days of the year—we incline under the influences of the season, to consider men as human beings deserving rather our sympathy, our pity, our charitable commiseration, than our judging and criticism and condemnation. So however poor and humble we may be, the Christmas season softens our hearts, inclines them to receive the impress of sympathy, to open them to the delights of innocent childhood, and to renew the forgotten or dulled tenderness of earlier life, rusted by world exposure, and worn by the world trials.

THE GIVING OF PRESENTS.

The head of the household as well as the intimate, the lover and the members of the family, are at this season of all others perplexed concerning the duty and the pleasure of making presents. The truth is, it is exceedingly difficult to become a good "giver." The adaptability of the present, to the tastes of both the donor and recipient to their situation in life, and the position and ability of the giver, all make the difficulty of choosing exceedingly great. It is probable that there are as many presents made that cause after regrets as there are gifts that constitute themselves a constant pleasure to the recipient.

It is a very nice taste indeed that gives well. As a rule the gift is holiday season should be from intimate to intimate—all others are apt to arouse suspicion as to the motive. Close friends, those who have for each other sincere admiration, and all those who are bound by ties of relationship, may be embraced within the category of gift-makers. The present of affection should testify more to the taste and sentiment of the donor than to the length of his purse. We cannot conceive of a token of friendship having any added value because of its great cost. On the other hand it should not be mean and hasty, nor testify to the parsimony of the giver. It is not probable that out of every ten persons who have selected holiday gifts this season, more than one has been able to accommodate his purse and his tastes, and make the present fit for the recipient, without a vast deal of trouble and

perplexity, not to say absolute worry and fatigue. There are not a few who have given up the task utterly, and passed to their children the money they intended to invest for them. This resort, however, is not justified in the face of the fact that never before was there such a wealth of books to be had. For when all other things fail a man, he can fall back upon a good book as an appropriate present. There are very few indeed to whom a handsome and valuable volume will not give pleasure, and such are sure to remain constant reminders of the esteem that prompted the selection—a book can come amiss to no person. The perplexity that involves the present-maker at holiday time is increased also by the fact that there is such a great variety of articles in the market from which to choose. In large part these are things of beauty, but of small utility and great cost—fancy goods for the toilet, rich and delicate ornaments, and the like, and the temptation is very strong to choose from this class, for they address the eye and appeal to the art sense and the love for the beautiful, while the appearance of elegance seems to carry with it some compliment to the appreciative sense of the recipient, and to testify to the fine taste of the giver. But the thoughtful and practical turn from these, and seek substantial gifts that give pleasure to the recipient, and, at the same time, serve him or her a useful purpose. That would be the present-making season, too, of running to extremes—of offering the idea that one is under some sort of obligation to make his infinite present, and that a failure to do so will be a reproach. This feeling often drives men to sacrifice what they ill afford, and which they repeat for months afterward. Sincerity alone should be the motive of the giver. While the holiday season is properly enough a stimulus to the generous sentiments, the custom of the hour should not supplant sincerity of purpose. That gift is blessed only as much as which delights the giver as the recipient.

A Red Bluff Sensation—Death of a Prominent Citizen of Placer County—Murder at Valley—Suicide of an Express Agent—General Hancock in San Jose—The Cox-McLaughlin Case—San Francisco Money Market—Etc.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

CALIFORNIA.

Munificent Gifts—Seventh Day Advent.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24th.—The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society to-day received from Senator Fair a check for \$5,000. J. C. Flood contributed a similar amount, to be distributed to various charities and orphan asylums.

A party of forty-five Seventh Day Adventists arrived from the East to-day. They will locate in Napa and Alameda counties. The students will proceed to their college at Headlands.

The McLaughlin Homecoming.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24th.—The preliminary examination of Jerome B. Cox, who shot and killed Charles McLaughlin at the corner of Market and Taylor, the latter, an attorney, was begun this morning in the Police Court, Department Two, before Judge Lawler. D. K. Delmas, of San Jose, and H. E. Hightower appeared as counsel for the defense, and Prosecuting Attorney Coffey for the prosecution. The defense was represented by District Attorney D. J. Murphy. There was considerable discussion among counsel prior to the calling of the case, concerning the method of conducting the examination, and the manner in which the witness should be called. The Superior Court, and Judge Webb of the other department of the Police Court, had decided that the day, according to the procedure followed in the trial of the McLaughlin case, should be the day of the examination, and the proceedings continued.

Mr. Murphy, for the prosecution, called up the attention of the Court to the fact, but Judge Lawler ruled that under Subdivision 3 of Section 10 of the Code of Civil Procedure, the examination of a witness should be conducted by the Superior Court, and not by the Police Court.

After the complaint in the case had been properly sworn to by Arthur P. Rhodes, McLaughlin's clerk, the defendant was arraigned on the charge of murder, and the proceedings continued.

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DAILY RECORD-UNION--SUPPLEMENT.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1883.

SIX-PAGE EDITION

AN OLD IRISH PATRIOTIC SONG.

O, bitter we that must go across the sea!
O, grief of strife that Lords and Chiefs their homes
must leave!

A typhoon overruns the land, this land so green,
And though we grieve, we still must leave our Dark
Roisín!

My darling love, my life, my love to me so dear,
Once torn apart from you, my heart will break,

O, golden flower of beauty's bower! O, radiant
Queen!

I mourn in bonds; my soul desponds; my Dark
Roisín!

In hope and joy, while yet a boy, I woosed my bride;
I sought no rest, I sought herself, and sought no
side;

But health is flown, 'tis old I'm grown; and though
I might

My heart will break, I must forsake my Dark Roisín!

The fairest fair you ever were; the peerless maid—
Fair hands and priests your daily feasts were richly
paid;

Amid the lone on you my soul still loves to lean,
Though I must leave the stormy wave, my Dark
Roisín!

Years gone by how you, and I seemed glad and
blest!

My wedded wife, you cheered my life, you warned
me;

The fairest one the living sun o'er decked with
shame;

The brightest rose that buds or blows, my Dark
Roisín!

My guiding star of hope you are, all glow and
grace;

My blooming love, my spouse above all Adam's
race!

In death thought you cherish sought of low or
mean;

The base alone can hate my own—my Dark Roisín!

O, never mourn for one afar, but bid your hour;
Your friends are long, combined and strong, will
protect your power;

From distant Spain will sail a train to change the
scene;

That makes you sad, for one more glad, my Dark
Roisín!

Till that advent! my fond and true; adieu till then!
Though I may grieve, still, believe we'll meet again;

I yet return with hopes that burn, and broadway
keen;

Fear not nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark
Roisín!

—Translated by James Clarence Mangan.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

I.

Though there was wrong on both sides, they never would have separated had it not been for the old man.

He was Ben's father, and Ben was an only child—a spoiled, selfish, high-tempered lad, who had grown up with the idea that his father, Anson English, or the "old man," as his dutiful son called him, was much richer than he really was, and that he had no need of any personal effort—any object in life, aside from the pursuit of pleasure.

Ben's mother had died when he was fifteen years old and his father had never married again. Yet it was not any allegiance to her memory which kept Anson English from a second marriage. He remembered her, to be sure, and scarcely a day passed without his thinking of her after her death, as during her weary life.

She's just like "Lizbeth," the old man said, "she don't make home-sickin' for her husband. But Ben isn't balanced like me, and he goes wrong. He's excitable. I never was. The right kind of a woman could keep him at home."

Ben passed most of his evenings and a good part of his days at the village "store." He came home the worse for drink occasionally, and he was absolutely indifferent to all the work and care of the farm and family.

"She's just like "Lizbeth," the old man said, "she don't make home-sickin' for her husband. But Ben isn't balanced like me, and he goes wrong. He's excitable. I never was. The right kind of a woman could keep him at home."

After a child came to them matters seemed to mend for a time. So long as the infant lay pink and helpless in its mother's arms, or in its crib, it was a bond to unite them all.

Soon as it began to be an active child, with naughty ways which needed correction, it was another element of discord.

The old man did not think Edith capable of controlling the child, and Ben was hasty and harsh, and he did not like to hear the baby cry. So he stayed more and more at the store, and was an object of fear to the child and of reproach to the mother when he did return.

They drifted farther apart, and the old man constantly widened the breach between them. They had been married six years, and the baby girl was four years old, when Ben struck Edith a blow, one day, and told her to take her child and leave the house.

Less than an hour she had gone, no one knew whither.

"She'll come back, more's the pity," the old man said. "'Lizbeth,' she started off to leave me once, but she concluded to stay with me, for she had no place to go."

But Edith did not come back. Months afterwards they heard of her in a distant part of the State, teaching school and supporting her child.

Edith had found a tidy housekeeper during these first years.

"'Nod'gut' and soon a man out'er house an' home" was all the praise her husband gave her for her order and cleanliness; and to his neighbors, who when he was fond of paying informants, he would often say—"Lizbeth's at it again—sweepin' and cleanin', I see cleared out. Never see her without a broom in her hand. I'd a good deal rather have a little more dirt than so much tearin' round. 'Lizbeth' tires me with her ways."

Yet, when in the indifference of despair which seized upon Elizabeth before her death, she allowed her house to look after itself, Anson was no better satisfied.

"I'll never over to find a place to set down," he would tell his neighbors. "'Lizbeth's last time out, she'll be home is a sight to see—she's gettin' dreadful slack, somehow. A man likes order when he goes home to rest from all his cares."

Even when she died she displeased him by choosing a busy season for the occasion.

"Just like 'Lizbeth,' to die in hayin' time," he said. "Everything got to stop—hay spoilin'—men idles. Women never seem to have no system about work matters—no power of plannin' things, to make it convenient like for men folks."

Yet after she was gone, Anson found how much help she had been to him, how wonderful her economy had been, how light her expenditures. He knew he could never find any one to replace her, in these respects, and as money considerations were the main ones in his mind, he believed it would be the better economy to remain a widower, and hire his work done.

So during those most critical years of Ben's life, he had been without a woman's guidance or care.

At 18 he was all that arrogance, conceit, selfishness and high temper could render him. Yet he was a favorite with the fair sex for all that, as he had a manly figure, and a warm, caressing way when he chose, that won their admiration and pleased their vanity.

Anson English favored early marriages, and began to think it would be better all around if Ben should bring a wife home.

"Son, could do the better better than hired help, to keep the money all in the family. Ben won't want to hit his time and means on half a dozen as he was now doing, but would stay at home, no doubt, and settle down into a sensible, practical business man. Yes, Ben ought to marry, and his father told him so.

"I'm always thinking of it," he said. He had expected opposition from his father, and was surprised at his suggestion.

"Yes," continued the "old man," as Ben already designated him, "I'd like to see you settled down before you're twenty-one. But you want to make a good choice. There's Abby Wilson, now. She's got the muscle of a man, and ain't afraid of anything. And her father has a fine property—a growing property. Abby'll make a man a good, vigorous helpmate, and she'll bring him money in time. You'd better shine up to Abby, Ben."

Ben gave a contemptuous laugh. "I'd as soon marry a dressed-up boy," he said. "She's more like a girl in her looks and in her ways. I have other plans in my mind, father, more to my taste. I mean to marry Eliza Gilman, if she'll take me, and I think she will."

A dark frown contracted Anson English's brows.

"Edith Gilman?" he repeated; "why, that puny Gilman'am, with her baby face, and weak voice? 'll never help you to get a living, Ben. What are you thinkin' of?"

"Ah, no; I was not happy in this new state of affairs, which he had so rejoiced over at the first. He grew very old during the next two years. Like all men who worry the lives of women in the domestic circle, he was cowardly at heart. And Ben's new wife frightened him into silent submission by her masculine silence and stiffness.

And strivs as he would to banish the feeling, he could not dismiss the child. And, then, she was not happy in this new state of affairs, which he had so rejoiced over at the first. He grew very old during the next two years. Like all men who worry the lives of women in the domestic circle, he was cowardly at heart. And Ben's new wife frightened him into silent submission by her masculine silence and stiffness.

rein on me when I get in my temps. She'll make a man of me yet."

"But she can't work, insisted his father. "She looks as white and puny as Lizbeth did the year she died."

"She's overworked in the school room. I must take her home, and give her a rest. I don't ask any woman to marry me and be my drudge. I expect my wife will help."

The old man groaned aloud. Ben's ideas were positively ruinous. If he married this girl, it would add to, not decrease, the family expenses. But it was useless to oppose Ben so well as he pleased; the old man saw that plainly, and he might as well submit.

He did submit, and Ben married Edith on his twenty-first birthday, and brought her home. II.

Edith was a quiet little creature, with a soft voice and a pale, sweet face and frail figure. She came up to Anson English when she entered the house and put her hands timidly upon his shoulders.

"I want you to love me, Edith," she said; "I have no other mother than this since can remember."

"I want you to call you father, and I want to make you happy if I can."

"Ben, away from home now, father. He will not be there to meet you, but you will not mind that; I shall make you so comfortable; I want you at home during the holidays."

So he went out from the horror and loneliness and gloom of the Poor-house to the comfortable home which Edith had provided for her old and child in the years since she left Ben. Eva was a precocious little maiden of 9 now, wise and womanly beyond her years. So soon as Edith learned of the old man's desolate fate she resolved to bring her home. Eva had been to his wife during the day, while she was in his school-room, and the interrupted studies could be pursued in the evening. Or she could hire assistance if he was as troublesome as report had said. He had been a harsh old man, and had helped to widen the breach between her and Ben. But he was the father of the man she had married, and she could not let him die in the Poor-house. So she brought him home.

He needed constant care and attention. He could not be left alone even for an hour; Ben was seldom at home, and Abby rebelled at the confinement and restraint it imposed upon her. Hired help refused to take the burden of the care of the troublesome old man without increased wages, and Ben could not afford it. She had to hire assistance if he was as troublesome as report had said. He had been a harsh old man, and had helped to widen the breach between her and Ben. But he was the father of the man she had married, and she could not let him die in the Poor-house. So she brought him home.

"Don't I hear a child's voice," he asked. "Eva came dancing out to greet them."

"Why is your own little granddaughter, Eva," cried the child, clasping his withered hand in her two soft palms.

"Don't you remember me? Mama says you used to love me."

Eith's old man stood still. Surely now he would understand. And would he be satisfied?

The old man's face lit up.

"Ah, I see," he said, musing. "Abby

has must have taken the little one home. It must be Edith is dead. She was such a puny thing."

Then she made an application to the keeper of the county poor to admit her husband's father to the department of the incurably insane, which was adjacent to the Poor House.

"He's crazy," she said, "just as crazy as he is. We can't do anything with him. He needs a strong man to look after him. Ben's never at home, and he has everything to look after, anyway, and can't be broken of his rest, and the old man stands and talks and cries half the night. I'm not able to take care of him—I need to be breaking down myself, with all I have to endure, and besides it's hard to have him here in the house. I know he's getting worse all the time. He'd be better off, and we all could, if he was the care of the country."

The authorities looked into the matter, and found that at least a portion of the lady's statements were true. It was quite evident that the old man would be better off in the County-house than he was in the home of his only son. So he was taken away, and Abby had her freedom at last.

"We are going to take you where you will have medical treatment and care; it is your daughter's request," they told him in answer to his trembling inquiries.

"Oh! yes, yes—Abby thinks I'll get my sight back, I suppose, if I'm doctored up. Well, maybe so, but I'm poopy old now."

Abby was a powerful woman, and she had a powerful mind. "Lizbeth" never would have thought of sending me away—Lizbeth was so easy like. Abby ought to be a man, she had. She'd a thing to live for."

So he babbled on as they carried him to the Poor-house.

It was November, and the holidays were close at hand. Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year. Abby meant to enjoy them, and invited all her relatives to a time of general feasting and merry-making.

"I feel as if a great nightmare was lifted off my heart and brain, now the old man gone," she said. "He will be so much better off, and get much more sleep. They treat you, you know, in a pleasant way."

"Dear, your grandfather is very ill, and not right in his mind. He thinks my name is Abby, and you must not correct him or dispute any strange thing he says."

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It was November, and the holidays were close

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

Entered at the Post Office, Sacramento, as second class matter

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Birds at Monkstown Castle.
I know a ruin on a hill—
Like other ruins it may be,
It must be tired of standing still
And always looking at the sea.
So old that I am young by it,
It tells the tales of mould and knight—
Tales of olden days, I hear write,
Just as my great-grandmother might.
It likes to talk of sullen train,
Of jeweled sword and plumed head,
And quite forgets how low the rain
Has beaten down its country head.
It told me with a gracious air,
A little while ago, that
But when I spoke of her red hair
And painted nose, I saw it frown?
It has invited me to sit
Till after dark. But then it says—oh, I don't care a whit—
For I am a good boy, and bear
Toss, children, though this rain might
Not be the place to sleep, you see,
At morning it's the prettiest sight
All time pretty words to say!

For when like one that's slept so long,
The sudden sun will make no springs,
It's a good boy who can bear
Hall and battlement take wings!
The lords of earth lie still down there;
They have their night who had their day.
See, in their place the lords of air
Make merry with their honors gray.

From millions of people peep out,
In families or in larger play,
On the high walls they walk about,
And chatter of their sweet affairs.
Sir Something, gone from grave-yard fame,
God rest you under flower and dew!
The wind has blown away your name,
But in my heart, you'll always be.
O, we're a good boy (true word)
For me to set your pride to words!
So brave a castle by the wood
To be the happy home of birds.
—Mrs. S. M. B. Pitt, St. Nicholas.

The Largest Living Animal.
What a monster of contradictions!
An animal which looks like a fish, but which is not a fish; which lives always in the water, but which cannot live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land; which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of *St. Nicholas*, and yet whose throat is so small that your father's fist can fill it.

A whale is a veritable giant among the largest of all living creatures. Those who do not know the reason for it, must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more of a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills, while the whale must take its oxygen from the atmosphere air, just as you do.

You need to take oxygen into your lungs to give to your blood at very short intervals, so that you cannot exist for more than two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course, it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure his food, and would consequently starve.

When the whale breathes the whale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhausted. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown, surely as your own self.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and its motion, unlike that of the same member in a fish, is up and down; and with such vigor does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

This tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though occasionally it does make use of its head or its teeth, if it has the latter. Seeing to fury by a harpoon, it will sometimes lay about, and it tail to such purpose as to dash the stout whale-boats to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea.

As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.

That Shetland Shawl.

"I do wish you would tell me what to give grandma for Christmas!"

Louise Norton, sitting on the arm of her mother's chair, with one hand laid carefully on Mrs. Norton's shoulder, asked this question in a petulant tone.

"What character, I would not suppose that would be a hard question to decide," replied Mrs. Norton. "There are so many nice things that grandma would like."

"That is just the trouble," said Louise. "Now there's grandpa, there is actually one thing to give him."

"And that is?"

"Why, slippers, of course," replied Louise, laughing too, and responded,

"Will you give papa slippers, too?" Then they both laughed together, the cause of their merriment being the memory of last Christmas, when Papa Norton had received five pairs of slippers.

"Well, about grandma," again questioned Louise.

"Suppose you were to knit a shawl for her? I know she would like one like Aunt Laura's, and I think you know that stick."

"That is just the thing," exclaimed Shetland, "Do you know what sort of wool aunt Laura used?"

"I think hers is knit of Shetland; certainly Shetland is very pretty for that stick."

"I'll go right away and get my needles, and then I'll go down town and buy the yarn. Shetland, you said? I wonder what makes them call it Shetland? Do you know?"

"Because the women of Shetland Islands spin a great deal of this fine soft yarn, and knit it into all sorts of wearings, and do not think the wool is different from other wool, but the twist of the thread is the peculiarity of the Shetland yarn."

"The Shetland Islands," mused Louise. "I ought to know where they are, but I can't think."

Mrs. Norton smiled. Geography was not Louise's strong point.

"If you look on the map of Europe, the northwest part of the map, you will be likely to find them. They belong to Scotland; the people are principally engaged in fisheries, but the women spin and knit. I remember in my old school geography there was a picture of the women walking along the streets with their knitting work—men, I mean, as they keep right on knitting as they walk."

"How funny!" said Louise. "I should think they would drop stitches; I am sure I should."

"I presume so;" returned Mrs. Norton.

"Well, I shall remember so much about the Shetland Islands now. You see how it is; when I study about places in my geography I am not interested in them unless I know something connected with the places. Now I shall remember these islands by grandma's shawl."

"If she ever gets a shawl for you to remember them by," said Mrs. Norton.

"What a mama! do you mean to hint that I will never get it done? I will!"

"I am sure I hope so," replied mamma.

And she did.

And besides, she can tell you to this day where the Shetland Islands are situated. To what government they belong, and what the people do for a livelihood; for after she became interested, she "read up."

PANSY.

Joy in Chinatown.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Chin Hua Chee, President of the Six Companies, has given the following to the press. (His statement is endorsed by leading Chinese merchants, among whom are: Leon Pak Hong, President Sam Yip Company; Yam Chow, President Yeung Wo Company; Wong Shook Lo, President Hon Wo Company.) Chin Hua Chee says: We regard St. Jac's Oil as the most wonderful medicine in the world as a cure for pain.

For those diseases, coughs, colds, etc., effects relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Relief." Price, 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

HOW RAILROADS ARE RUN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Advantages and Disadvantages of the English System as Compared with the American—Etc.

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1883.

"A right little, titch little island" is Great Britain, as the old song properly says, but her railway interests, considering the territory they cover, will bear comparison in point of magnitude with those of any country, not excepting the United States. The total number of miles open to traffic last year were 17,933. The number of passengers conveyed, exclusive of season ticket holders, was 603,885,125. Number of miles travelled by passenger trains, 122,548,238; by goods or freight trains, 115,408,845; by mixed trains, 2,999,391; total, 240,956,494. The total number of persons killed on the British railways in 1882 was one thousand one hundred and twenty-one; number injured during the year, four thousand six hundred and one. The railway traffic in this city is simply immense. Sixteen hundred and nine trains start every day between 10 A. M. and 11 P. M., for the London terminus, which is rather more than an average of two minutes. Nor does this calculation include the UNDERGROUND TRAINS.

ATTENDANT upon railway travel in Great Britain are two great expenses—the few long distance trains and the Pullman cars attached, there are no places for retirement and no fires. In the coldest weather iron foot rests, containing hot water, are supplied, but they are scarcely ever available for all the passengers, and are a poor substitute, at best, for red hot stoves or a steam heating apparatus. No train is without smoking carriages, but the compartments are so small and the tendency of the English to smoke strong-smelling pipes is so great, that in weather when it is not comfortable to have the windows lowered the atmosphere is sickening in the extreme. Of course there is no such thing as walking into another compartment when your cigar is done, for the English railway carriages are like the Jews and Samaritans of old who had no connections with each other. But the greatest inconvenience is in regard to baggage. The passenger must carry this on his mind from the beginning to the end of his journey. He must see that it is put in the van at the place of starting, and when his destination is reached, or a change of trains has to be made, he must jump from his carriage the moment it stops and rush frantically to the same van to see that it is put off and taken care of.

SUCH A SCRIMMAGE
As occurs around the luggage van when a crowded express train pulls into a metropolitan station, is worth going a long distance to see, if you are fond of excitement. The wonder is that many drivers do not occur. Anybody can claim anything if he is earliest in the field, and for a trifle, perhaps a porter will hold him off, and off you go, before any one has time to protest, to the door calling "my baggage." I am, and taking my swivel, stood at my door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying: "O my God, the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most, the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of a hundred lay prostrate on the ground, some speechless, and some, with bitter cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth—East, West, North, and South, it was.

The great display of November 13, 1883, was by no means the first marvelous shower of meteors that had been witnessed at that time of the year. A similar but much smaller fall occurred precisely one year earlier, on November 13, 1882; but to find the next earlier display, we must go back, not one year, but thirty-three, to November 12, 1799, when the great traveler Humboldt, witnessed a wonderful shower. For four hours the stars rained down so incessantly that there was never a minute left for sleep. But the earliest recorded notice of the shower takes us nearly nine centuries farther back, to the year 902, when England was still mourning the recent death of her great Alfred, and when Sicily and Southern Italy were suffering from the incursions of a foe as fierce and cruel as those Danes whom our great monarch had, with so much difficulty, repulsed from our shores. The king of Tunis, Ibrahim bin Ahmad, had conquered Sicily, driven out the Christians, and set up the city of Palermo. The Christians, however, soon recaptured it, and when King Ibrahim died, an infinite number of stars were seen during the night, scattering themselves like rain to the right and left, and that year was known as the Year of Stars."

In the nine hundred years between these two dates, 902 and 1799, we have several other instances of appearances of these showers, and these intermediate dates, are by no means distributed over the interval at random, but show that the earth in its revolution round the sun meets the stream of meteors about three times in each century. It now became a matter of great interest to determine the orbit on which these tiny little planets are traveling. The data for doing this were not forthcoming until the shower of 1866, but after that event it was discovered that they moved in a long, oval orbit, round which they took thirty-three and a quarter years to travel. The dimensions of the streams were next ascertained, and the following astonishing facts have become apparent: The stream is fifteen hundred millions of miles in length, four millions in breadth, and one million in thickness, and though the meteors are so widely scattered that we can say with much certainty that an average interval of at least one hundred miles separates any two, even where the stream is densest, yet so enormous is the space over which the entire swarm is now scattered, that the total number of meteors must be reckoned by many millions of millions.

Sometimes a meteor comes into our atmosphere, which is so large and so firm a nature that the heat occasioned by the speed of its rush through the air does not suffice to destroy it, and it therefore remains a great ball of fire, the size of a common candle, for everything given into its custody. It has further been established that misleading information by an official makes his Company liable for any loss caused thereby. A few days ago, in the City of London Court, the Southerner Company was sued for a guinea for damage done to a hat, from its coming in contact with one of the Company's lamps. The solicitor for the Company said the plaintiff should have exercised more care, and could not recover for his own negligence. His Honor: Are you bound to pay for damage to a hat? The Solider: Yes; I think we are. His Honor: Then you must make your carriage higher. I am for the plaintiff.

THE WORK OF THE GUARDS
Is to watch the signals to see that the train starts on time and in proper order; that is, with everybody aboard and the carriage doors all closed and fastened, and to attend to the putting off, at the proper stations, of the passengers' luggage. For this he gets six or seven dollars a week and a house, usually with a little garden attached. At second class stations, many of which have a very large traffic, the agent gets house and garden and about nine dollars a week.

On a wet night, in consequence of the train being delayed, received a telegram. The amount was not large, but the principle was indicated. In another case, a passenger booked from Brighton to Guildford, via Horsham. The train arrived at the latter junction after the Guildford train had started. A claim of the return fare and expenses was made, and it had to be paid eventually. Under certain exceptional circumstances the Courts have held that a passenger was justified in ordering a special train, and the Company was compelled to refund him the money he had paid for it. If a "through ticket" is issued with it there is generally a declaration printed on it that the Company does not hold itself accountable for any failure to keep time, but the Queen's Bench and other Courts have held that this does not legally absolve the directors. In one instance, a passenger who had

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THE SIGNAL-MAN'S HOUSE,
which occupies an elevated position and has windows on all sides, sometimes contains a score or more of these. The mental and physical strain incident to such work is very great, and the constitutions of the men usually break down at middle age. It is proverbial that there is not a signal-man in the service over forty years old whose hair has not turned gray.

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